

MR. CLARK LOST LODGING
HOUSE AND HAPPY BRIDE.

A Rural Groom From Vermont Set Out for a Walk, Failed to Return, and His Wife Went Home.

ALL houses in this town looked alike to Michael Clark, and thereby hangs a tale of his lost bride and a broken honeymoon. Maria Clark, born Ryan, has gone back to Rutland, Vt. The unlucky and penitent Michael is speeding along on a train twenty-four hours behind, carrying in his pocket the front door key of the house that caused all their trouble.

That little slab of steel is his only hope, as Michael Clark must squarrel himself somehow. When last seen he looked like a man en route to the electric chair.

Where the bride and groom stopped during their brief stay in town will probably never be known. The man got lost the first time he ventured out of the house and was unable to find his way back again.

WHEN HE AWOKE
ALL HOUSES IN
NEW YORK
LOOKED ALIKE
TO HIM

thought Michael had turned frivolous, per-
haps, and deserted her for a younger
woman.

On Saturday the couple reached the
Grand Central depot and walked hand in
hand to a furnished room house recom-
mended by a friend in Vermont. Mrs.
Clark knew the number and led the way.
Thus early was Michael compelled to lean
upon his helpmeet, and he marvelled at her
skill in finding the house.

Both have reached middle age and the
vanities of the world did not appeal to
them. They passed the time viewing local
life in the city from the windows on the
fourth floor and having their meals sent up.

"We would get lost, like so if we went
out," Michael said on Monday.

But the next afternoon Mr. Clark felt the
need of exercise.

"Maria," he said, "I believe I'll take a
little walk to stretch my legs."

"All right, Michael," replied the bride,
"and I'll take a cat nap. Good-by, dear."

"Alas!" It was good-by. The landlady
gave Michael a door key, and he seemed
to think that was all he required. He
didn't ask the number of the house and
the woman supposed he knew. Late in
the evening an excited little woman, at-
tired in brand new clothes, entered the
East Thirty-fifth street station house.

"Be my husband here?" she asked tim-
idly.

AND RENTS A
NICE ROOM—THEN

THEN HE AND
THE POLICE
TRIED HIS KEY
ON 4874127
HOUSES

Bob Rowley

POCKET MONEY
AND

**ASKED THE BAR
TENDER FOR
A LITTLE BITTERS
HE**

**GOT THEM AND
SOMETHING ELSE**

**SAYING - SHE
WAS SOMEWHAT
DISAPPOINTED
WITH HIM***

tidly. "Who is your husband?" queried Sergeant Beall.

"Michael Clark. You see, we are just married, and he's gone and lost himself or something has happened, if he comes in tell him he'll find me in Vermont."

At 2 o'clock Wednesday morning Michael Clark strolled into the same station house with his unique tale of woe. He said: "We was directed to get rooms at a furnished house somewhere, near here; but I be jiggered if I c'n remember what and every single house in this town is so allinged similar, blame my buttons if I could locate the place after I once left it. Here's th' key, mebbe you'd know what sort of a house goes with this here little shabbed key. W'y, after we was at all settled comfortable like, I says, sezal, M'ria, 'I'm goin' out fer a little constitutional. All right, sez sue, 'I'll take a little nap. Well, I went into one of the places, oh my! all night long, eatin' and sleepin' and all that mighty nice stuff and when I started back home, I'll be jiggered if I c'd remember what that house was."

"Just like it, but I couldn't turn the locks with this measly little flat key. Now mebbe you could help me to find that house. M'ria must be worried, and I guess you'd better send an officer of the law along with me."

Starting from the Grand Central Depot, Michael Clark and a detective tried to determine the store the wedding party had taken when they reached the city. Up one street and down another they walked, but Michael could not even recognize the places full of mirrors and bottled foreign-wine, let alone the house which his bride was supposed to be in.

"Land. That's her," cried Michael. "Well, sue's gone back to Northampton," was the response. "Say, Cap, that ain't no good," shouted Michael, "seer me up to the big light shed again. I'm agoin' before looking for Michael Clark, of Rut-

bet a cookie," yelled Michael. "Well, sue's gone back to Northampton," was the response. "Say, Cap, that ain't no good," shouted Michael, "seer me up to the big light shed again. I'm agoin' before looking for Michael Clark, of Rut-


<p>KILLED OVER A GRAVE. A Monument Dealer Strikes a Cemetery Employee a Fatal Blow with a Stick of Wood.</p> <p>Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 1.—Alexander Alexander</p>	<p>DOESN'T CARE WHO LEADS. Brookfield Will Welcome the Plaza Club Combination at Friday Night's Convention.</p>
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Owens, a mafioso of the underworld, was the first to throw a fatal blow and they stood on opposite sides of a grave in Highland Lawn Cemetery. Owens was placing a monument in position, when Lawrence, who is employed at the cemetery, suggested that the base was too high. Owens is a hot-tempered man, and upbraided Lawrence for interfering.

Others who were present say that Lawrence made no attempt to strike Owens, but that the latter picked up an oak roller, used in moving monuments, and struck Owens on the head. Lawrence lived several hours afterward, and, while conscious, was paralyzed, so that he could not speak.

New York Press Club to Celebrate.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the New York Press Club will be celebrated December 4, at the new Astoria Hotel. A banquet will be held in the great ball room. Among the guests will be His Grace Mr. Martinelli, the Papal Delegate; Bishop Potter, Mayor Strong, Judge Belmont, Charles Emory Smith, Governor Briggs, of New Jersey, Chauncey M. Depew and Alexander Mitchell, portion of the entertainment will be a feature.



William Brookfield returned to town yesterday and set to work upon preparations for to-morrow night's convention of his anti-Platt organization. He said yesterday that this convention promised to be largely attended, and denied that there would be any friction with the McCook-Keane-Lehman-Lalmeber combination.

"Those who participated in the Plaza Club conference will be warmly welcomed at Friday night's meeting," said Mr. Brookfield, "and I am hopeful we shall all get together. I do not care who may be the leader or leaders so long as the principles for which we have been fighting are certain to be carried out."

"What do you think of Chairman Quigg's offer to concession?"

"If the machine is really willing to abandon its present polls and under the leadership of Quigg to accept the terms of the interested men consent to an entire re-enrollment, there is no reason for a falling out. The machine has no serious objection on the basis of the present enrollment. It is thing we cannot stand."

James Yearncrance drafted a reply yesterday to the letter sent him by the Quigg-Keane faction, in which they were begging him and his friends to stop fighting the machine, but refused to stop.



Colonel Chipley Dies in Washington

Washington, Dec. 3.—Colonel W. B. Chipley of Florida, who had been ill in a hospital in this city for some time, died this morning. Colonel Chipley was a leading Democrat of Florida and a year ago was a candidate for the United States Senate. Had he lived he would probably have been the next Governor of the State.

HE BUYS THE BRICK

TINGTON.

come-on. Soon a venerable and be-
k end of the structure.

ttle ones?"

y-seventh street."

as Nolan, leader of the lot.
en. You are taking in the sights I
Endowment Fund, which I will sell to
with street messenger boy den the boy
dled in the same manner. Detectives